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Judge

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THE GRAFTING POLITICIAN'S IDEA OF WASHINGTON.

Judge

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IT CAN be said, but it cannot be proved, that the mint-julep advocate does not care a straw.

* * *

THE VICE-PRESIDENTIAL BEE is naturally disconsolate at so seldom finding a bonnet that he may call his own.

* * *

THE TIME spent in dreaming over mistakes that cannot be corrected may be money, but it is of the counterfeit variety.

* * *

THE LATEST BRAND of "Scotch" is said to have the power to cause the imbiber to observe a plaid sea-serpent that spits thistles.

* * *

WHEN A KENTUCKIAN is lost in abstraction with a straw in his mouth he is very apt to be dreaming of the julep that is not at the other end of it.

* * *

THE VALUE of a name is all in the point of view. The rose of fashion that would smell as sweet by any other appellation would not fetch so high a price in the open market.

* * *

IF THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER would but climb the mountain of business with the same caution that he uses in climbing the mountain of nature he would invariably reach the top in less time and with better results.

BETWEEN THE AMERICAN who is an American by choice and the American who is an American by chance there is a difference which, to borrow a figure from the late Artemus Ward, is long and wide and deep. It is the difference between the man who heroically struggles to make a fortune and the man who as desperately struggles to marry one. It is usually the difference between a man and a monkey—a man who despises a title, and a monkey whose title is his only capital, but which, under the fire of a legal examination, is invariably found to be decorated and gargoyled, so to speak, with judgments, mortgages, board-bills, and other delicacies of the season altogether too numerous to mention. When any clear-headed man looks upon the two pictures he cannot fail to differentiate at a glance the solid, substantial fortune-building philanthropist and the simian with the receding intellect. It also gives such an observer a pretty sound idea of the qualities that go to the making of genuine nobility.

* * *

IF THE POLITICAL GRAFTER had the same eye for the artistic that he has for the dollar-sign he would be universally regarded as a genuine apostle of beauty. When the political grafter is struck violently on the nose he does not see stars—he sees dollar-signs. When he gazes upon a leopard he does not see spots—he sees dollar-signs. The ideal shirt, the shirt of his fancy, is figured with dollar-signs. The firmament, in his diseased and distorted vision, sparkles not with stars, but with dollar-signs. When he looks at the capitol that historic edifice radiates a series of heat-waves of dollar-signs that soothes and cheers him, and causes his spirit, such as it is, to thrill with a joy that is gilt-edged and ineffable. The political grafter's vision is so generously decorated with dollar-signs that it is as if they were etched upon his eye-balls. Sleeping and awake, he is a dreamer only of financial dreams. It will be a bright day for politics when this hierophant of graft is relegated to the background and nailed down to stay.

DAD'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

OFFICE-BOY—"Please, sir, could I get off this afternoon? Me grandmother is dead."
EMPLOYER—"Huh! Is that a joke?"
OFFICE-BOY—"Well, dad seems ter think so. Yer see, it's me mother's mother dat croaked."

EVIDENCE OF IDENTITY.

TIME is money, as some sage
Told us in a bygone age;
So it should be no surprise
That time, e'en as money, flies.

WHEN THE ECHO FAILED.

IN A secluded spot on the mountain-side we come upon a busy individual who is seated on the grass, behind some bushes, with a telephone-receiver pressed to his ear, and who from time to time emits a shrill whoop or shouts some disconnected form ot sentence.

"What are you doing?" we ask.

"I'm the echo for the hotel—*Hello!*—for the hotel across the val—*Hi-lee, hi-loo!*—across the valley," he explains, keeping the telephone-receiver against his ear and speaking brokenly. "Used to be hostler in the stables—*Yow, yow!*—until the boss found I had a good voice, and so he give me this—*Hurrah!*—give me this job. Clerk listens out of the—*Wow, wow, wow!*—out of the window and hears what the folks holler, and then he—*Tiddy, oh, Tiddy um!*—then he telephones the fool things, and I holler—*Yippi! Yi, yi!*—then I holler back the last part of them. It ain't a bad job, only—*Good old summer time!*—only my wife, she works at the hotel, and she—*Bamboo tr-e-e-e!*—she don't like for me to be away day and—*In our alley-y-y-y!*—day and night, like I am. Now them fool—*Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo!*—them fool singers is beginnin' to yelp, and they'll—*Promise me-e-e-e!*—they'll keep me hustlin' for a long—*Sunday afternoon!*—for a long time. And then my wife, when she gets through—*Hello over there!*—when she gets through work, she slips out on the—*Alamo girl!*—slips out on the lawn and hollers at me like the rest—*'Rah for Roosevelt!*—like the rest of them, and she says if I talk back—*Teddy!*—talk back to her she'll raise Cain with me when I come home—*Lura-ley-aley-aley!*—and it bothers me a heap to tell when she is talking—*Hello! Yow, yow!*—because if I echo her she'll start trouble, and so you"——

But we were going on down the mountain-side, intent upon reaching the hotel and aiding the other guests in making the echo work.

IN THE FAMILY.
SHE—"And are you a descendant of the old family of the van Bibbers?"
HE—"No, not exactly; but my brother is."

A SOLEMN TRUTH.

"'THERE is a divinity that shapes our ends,'" quoted the maiden with the classical education and the bloom of youth upon her cheeks.

"Yes; and there's a divinity that ends our shapes," replied the maiden with the practical education and the bloom from the drug-store upon her cheeks.

NOT IN DANGER.
CHOLLY—"Her father actually threatened to brain me."
ETHEL—"It doesn't seem possible. He must have been joking."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ANNA FITZHUGH.

No matter if she pirouettes, no matter if she sings,
Or round the footlights floats as if on airy, golden wings;
No matter if she smiles or weeps in manner wild or tame,
On this fact all may safely bet—she gets there just the same.

HIS MISTAKE.

"I WISH to purchase some lawn hose," said the lady shopper.

"Yes'm," murmured the salesman, peering over the counter and gazing intently at her shoes.

"Rubber!" she exclaimed.

"Pardon me," stammered the clerk; "I was not rubbering. I merely wished to estimate what size you wore."

"Sir-r! I want rubber lawn hose."

Had it not been for the timely aid of the floor-walker the salesman would have sent the lady to the department where they sold rubber stockings for huntsmen. For, as he afterward explained, he was new to the business and did not know but there was a new fad for rubber hose to protect the feet from the dews of evening.

ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY.

BELLE—"How did Percy come to lose his money?
HELEN—"Oh, he simply had it."

CAPTIOUS CRITICISM.

THE dramatic critic, having been overlooked when the manager of the new production entertained the newspaper men, wrote:

"Not only was the play almost colorless, but what color there was seemed to have been laid on by amateurs. For instance, the color scheme in the last act was atrocious. The stage-setting was pink, the heroine was green, the audience was blue, most of the lines were not read, and the performance was yellow."

THE VACATIONIST'S MEDITATIONS.

WHILE the shades of twilight were gathering about him he sat at the summit of the mountain.

Far, far below him stretched the valley, cheery lights showing here and there through the dusky haze, which was barely being broken by the first rays of the moon. Away on the horizon swept the silver thread of a river. Above, in the illimitable void, the stars were blazing down.

There came upon him a sense of solitariness, as if he were the only being who existed in this tremendous universe of stars and sky and spreading valley.

And his soul was filled with a great wonder.

He wondered who was trying to get his job while he was away on his vacation.

THE other hens cast glances of envy and dislike at Biddy Dorkins, the proud Plymouth rock, when she saunters across the barnyard, clucking serenely.

"Uppish thing!" sniffs the white leghorn. "The idea of her claiming that her average lay is three eggs a day!"

"Lay?" cackles the Shanghai pullet; "lay? She ought to say 'lie.'"

MIGHT BE EITHER.

SUSIE MEDDERS—"Ma, there's a man round there says he's starvin' an' wants suthin' to eat."
MRS. MEDDERS—"Lan' sakes! wonder if it's a tramp or another one o' Jane Whiffletree's summer boarders?"

SUMMER 'S COME.

AIN'T a-worryin' days like these—
Summer 's come.
Jes' kin feel thet soothin' breeze—
Summer' s come.
Feel thet soft an' balmy air
Comin' frum the sweet somewhere;
Fills yew with an "I don't care"—
Summer 's come.

Grub enough here in the soil—
Summer 's come.
Ain't a-goin' ter dig ner toil—
Summer 's come.
Garden sass is comin' quick,
Brindle 's milkin' rich an' thick,
Fish enough here in the crick—
Summer 's come.

Life ain't tryin' like it wuz—
Summer 's come.
Folks kin git erlong becuz
Summer 's come.
Strikes ner trusts don't worry me;
I'm ez happy ez kin be.
Natur' runs *my* facteree—
Summer 's come. JOE CONE.

AT THE HOTEL FAIR.

HE—"What! a dollar for a kiss? Why, at the fair last year they were only a quarter."
SHE—"Yes; but the necessities of life have advanced in price since then, you know."

ALL CLEAR TO HIM.

"YES," said the traveling artist, who had paused to contemplate the charming view from Mr. Meddergrass's front yard and to drink a cup or two of buttermilk; "yes, I should like to linger in this lovely spot all summer. To me there could be nothing finer than to remain here and bask in the light of inspiration while the wonderful scenery grew more and more upon me. Do you grasp my thought?"

"I reckon I do," said Mr. Meddergrass. "You mean you'd like to loaf around here long enough to get hayseed in your hair and then sit still till it sprouted."

WHAT MARY MEANT.

MARY STUART had just blown up the castle. "Too bad!" she murmured. "I only meant to discharge the cook."

Realizing the desperate measures needed, some were fain to doubt the murder of Darnley.

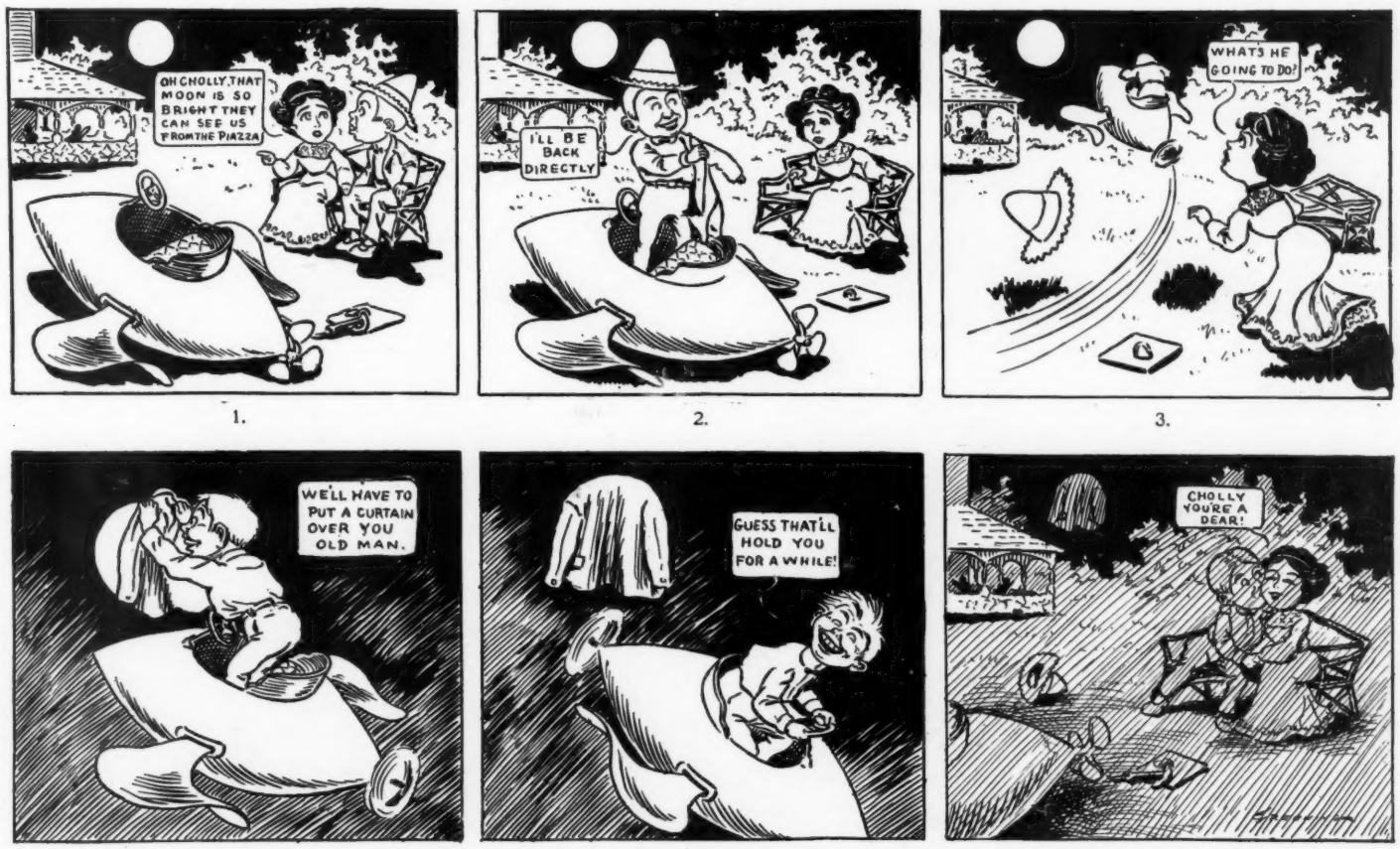
A SHINING SUCCESS.

Dr. Pellet—"What became of Puffer? He failed in law, medicine and teaching."

Judge Codex—"Why, he started *The Hustler* magazine and wrote articles on 'Why men fail,' and made a big thing of it. You see, he was well qualified."

NOWADAYS.

"IS MY hat on straight?" the women-folks long years ago would say;
But nowadays the men they ask, quite gruff,
Before they leave their families in the morning, night or day,
"Is my panama knocked out of shape enough?"



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THE MOON, THE MAID, AND THE MAN—A ROMANCE OF 2003.

HOW COULD HE?

"Say, Moike, hov yez iver read 'Lookin' Backward'?"

"Aw, g'wan! Phwat do yez t'ink Oi am—a contortionist?"

SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

"CAN I interest you in this marvelous new invention, the cold-air stove?" asks the affable agent. "It is guaranteed to reduce the temperature in the hottest house, and will"——

"Never mind, young man. I'm using the furnace I had put in last winter. All I need to do is start a fire in it and the house gets so cold it freezes the flies."

HIS RUSE.

Street-boy—"Sir, have you lost your pocket-book?"

Gentleman (searching through his pockets)—"No, my boy."

Street-boy—"Then you will be so kind to give me a nickel."

THE POET'S FANCY.

THE amateur poet got up from the table at his boarding-house, leaving his portion of cherry-pie but half eaten. Going to his room, he struggled for an hour with the divine afflatus, and at last came down-stairs with a missive directed to the cook. He left it with the waiter and went on his way hopefully. This is what the cook read:

"I hold it true that she who makes
No kind but stoneless cherry-pies,
When she this vale of tears forsakes
Will go straightway to paradise.'

HINDSIGHT.

Brown—"Did you always practice economy?"

Smith—"Gracious, no! If I had I wouldn't have to do it now."

THE LATEST TRUST.

CORINNE—"They are organizing a trust to corner Angora cats."

ROSALIE—"Ah, if they do it will be a case of 'puss-in-the-corner.'"

TO THEIR FRIENDS.

VIOLA—"Why did they separate?"

MYRTLE—"Nobody knows."

VIOLA—"How dreadful!"

THE ANGRY SHARK.

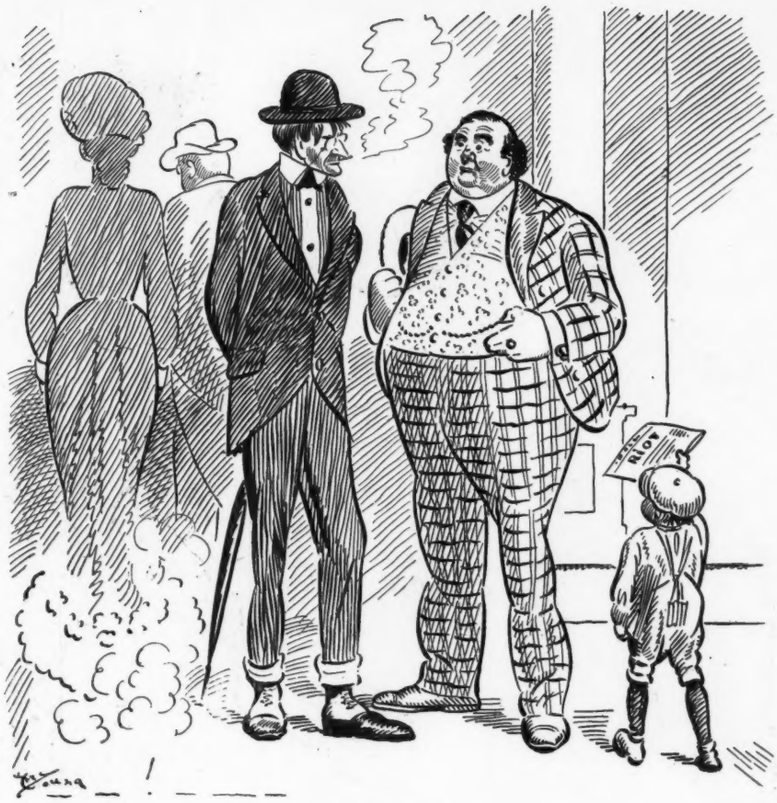
THE man with the wooden leg was swimming boldly through the waters beyond the life-line. A hungry shark beneath the surface saw him and swam silently to where he was splashing about. With a quick gulp the shark took off one of his legs—the wooden one. Lashing its sides with its tail, and ejecting the splinters from its mouth, the shark hurried away growling,

"That's the second time this year I've been up against this new-fangled breakfast-food."

HAD CONFESSED.

Magistrate—"How do you know this German gentleman has been guilty of passing the spurious ten-cent pieces?"

Detective—"I asked him if he ever came across any bad money, and he said 'some dimes.'"



OF COURSE.

THE "GREAT TRAGEDIAN"—"Have you been playing to full houses lately?"
THE "GREAT COMEDIAN"—"Yes; we've been touring a prohibition state."

HAD TO QUALIFY.

"HOW is the daughter of Mr. Muchstuff getting along?" asked the principal of the summer school.

"Not very well," answered the assistant. "I am afraid she will not make sufficient progress for us to give her a diploma entitling her to enter the woman's college she wishes to attend."

"Oh, but she has to," asserted the principal.

"But she won't pass muster."

"But we must pass her," said the principal with a wan smile.

LONG AGO.

Tommy—"Mamma, what made people in old New York wear those great big ruffs around their necks?"

Mamma—"That is how our first families learned to hold up their heads, my son."

USELESS WARNING.

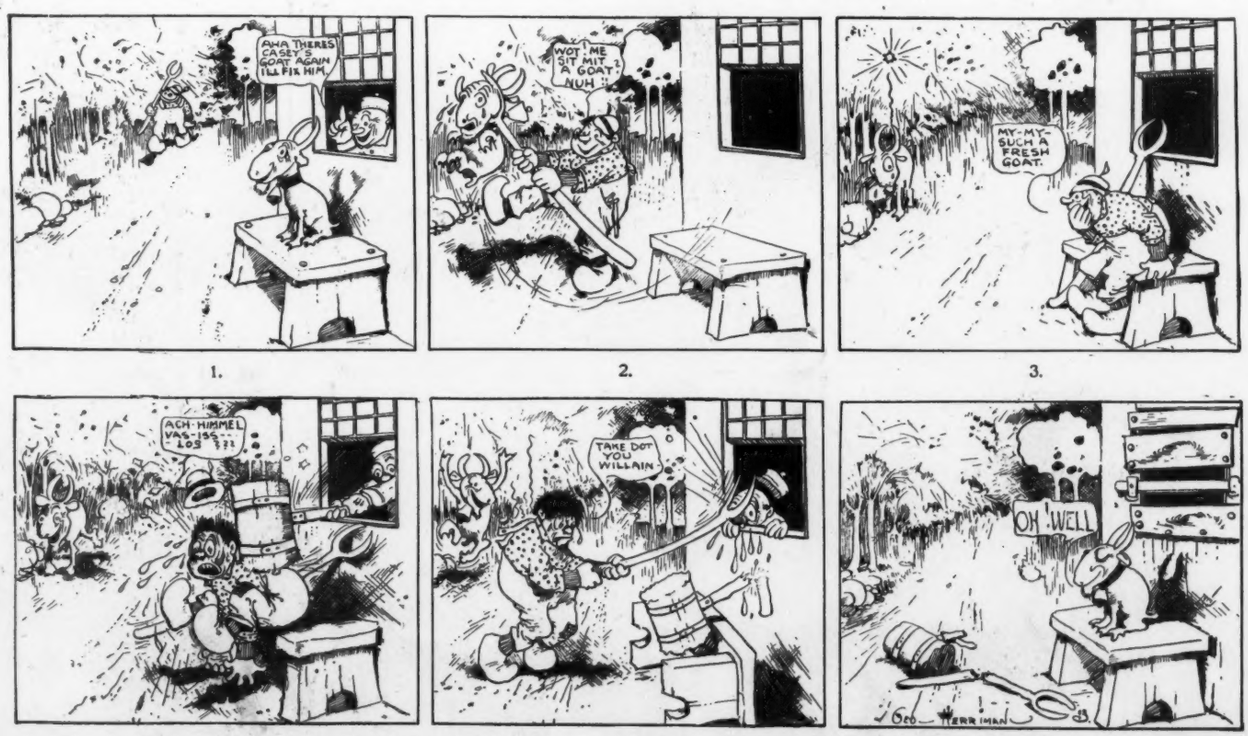
"SIR," utters the haughty maiden when the impulsive youth slips his arm about her taper waist; "sir! what is the meaning of this? Have a care, sir! Do not go too far."

"Too far?" he whispers, contracting his biceps muscle; "too far? How long an arm do you think I have? It won't go any farther?"

AGAINST THE SHERMAN LAW.

"HORTENSE," murmured the fond youth, "would you give me a penny for my thoughts?"

"Wilmot," she replied with an arch look, "I fear such a proceeding would be contrary to the law. You know it is held illegal to control the entire output of any industry."



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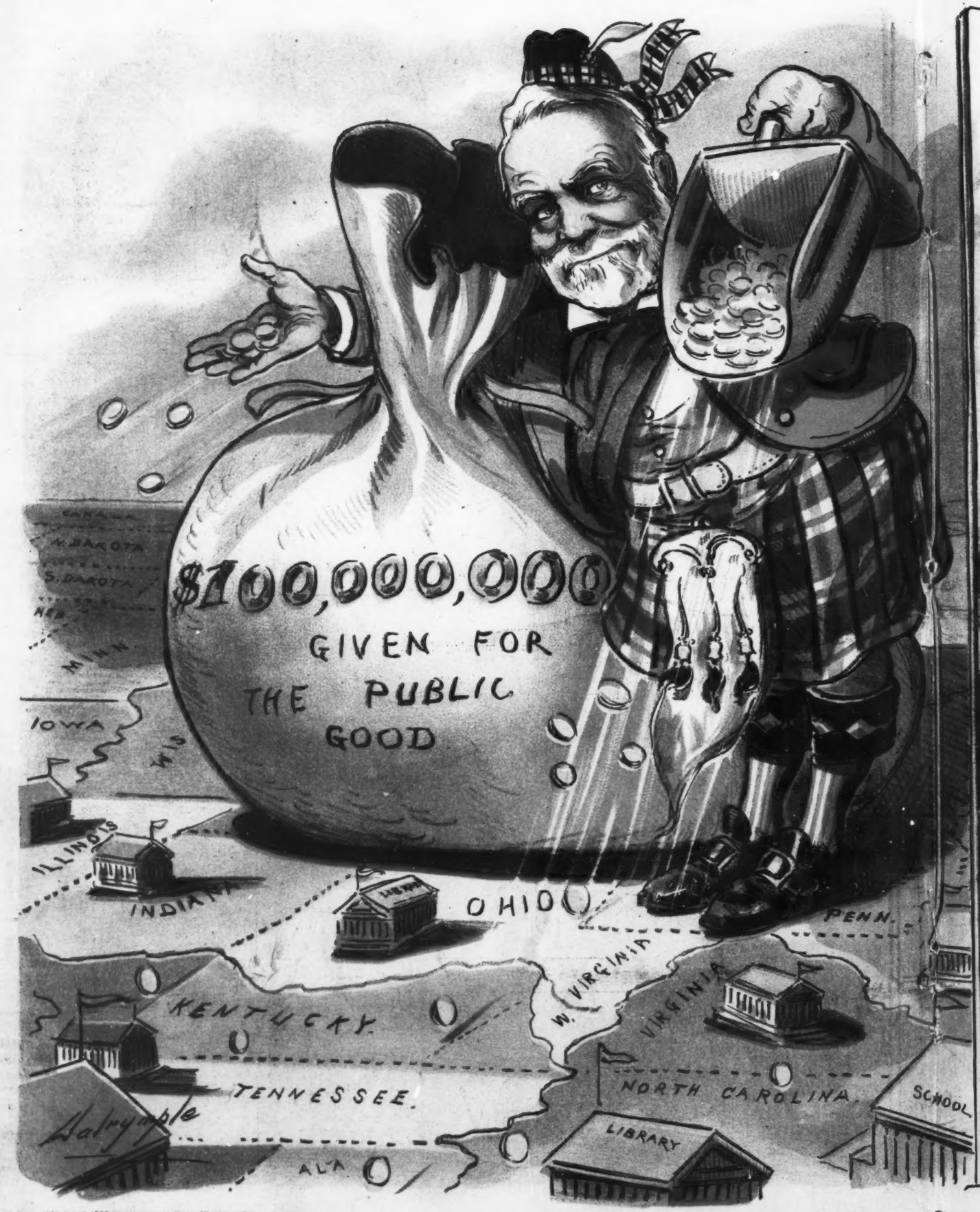
THE GOAT DIDN'T DO SO BADLY, AFTER ALL.



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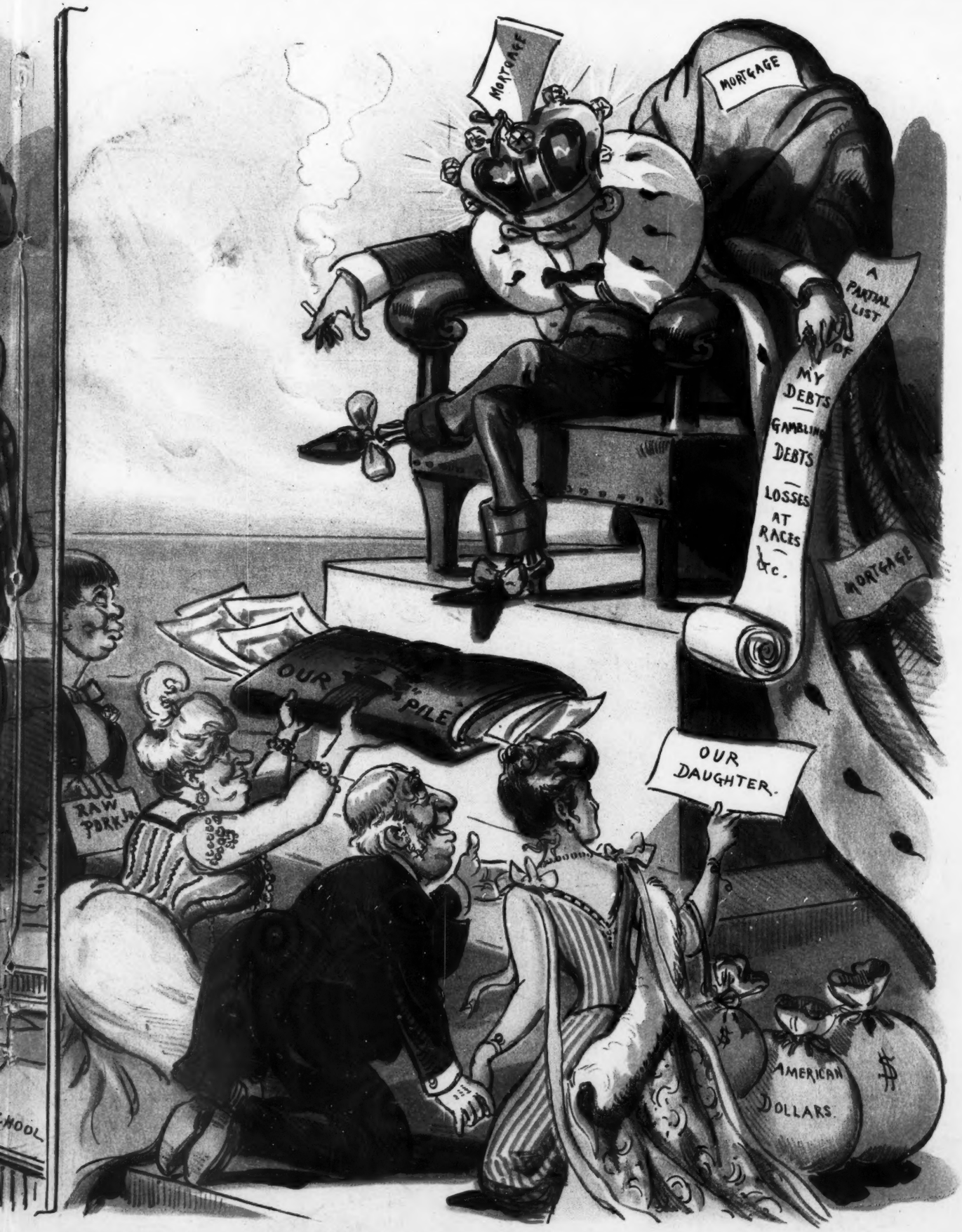
TWO EXAMPLES FOR THE

The American by choice —and—



HE RISING GENERATION.

nd— the American by chance.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg. Co. New York.

A MIDSUMMER DREAM.

OUT yonder in the alley, in the shadow of the wall,
A little pool of water, where the hydrant drippings fall,
Is rippled by the breezes from the hot and dusty street—
And then a troop of fancies come on swiftly-flying feet,
And I sit here, a-musing, with my eyelids half-way closed,
On the past that isn't nearly quite so far as I supposed.

I see the dappled water where the willows swept the brook,
And dragon-flies are droning in the quiet little nook.
A turtle has been sunning on a log beside the brim—
"P-lunk!" A spreading ripple shows me what became of him.
And oh, the grass is tempting; it's like velvet to the touch.
Who rests upon it knows his troubles don't amount to much.

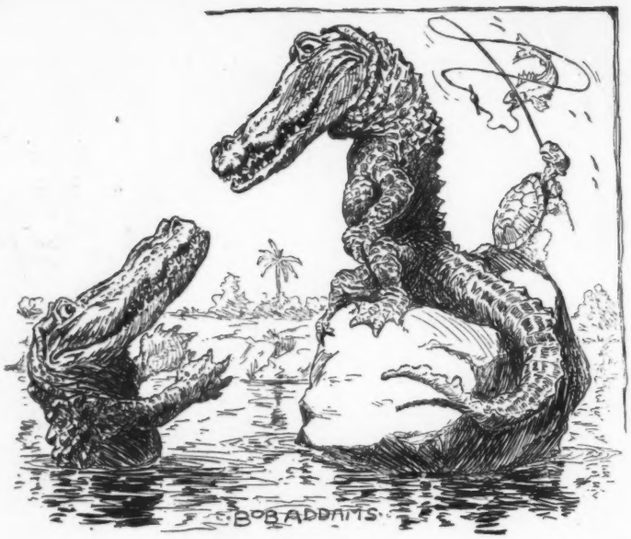
Away up in the heavens go the floating clouds of white—
An argosy of ivory a-gleaming in the light.
And somewhere there's a tinkle and the echo of a song—
And thank the Lord for lazy days, so happy and so long!
The waters whisper to me and the baby bullfrogs peep;
The soothing grass is rustling, "Don't you want to go to sleep?"

Why, bless me! this is splendid! And the ripples play a tune
With sunshine sifting through it in the hush of afternoon.

* * * * * * * *

A little pool of water, where the hydrant drippings fall,
Out yonder in the alley, in the shadow by the wall.

W. D. NESBIT.



DOUBTFUL.
'Miss Gator, you know I love you very much."
"Yes; but will you love me when I am old and ugly?"

HOW IT HAPPENED.
BLEEKER—"Yes, poor Jones lost control of his auto."
BAXTER—"Heavens! How did it happen?"
BLEEKER—"Why, he foolishly taught his wife how to run it."

A MUSICAL EFFORT.

"WHAT," we ask of the member of the orchestra; "what instrument do you find the most difficult to play?"

"The slap-stick," he responds.

"But we did not know that was an orchestral instrument."

"It is never used except in one selection. There is a very difficult slap-stick obligato in Miketowski's 'Mosquito Sonata in New Jersey.'"

ALAS!

THERE was a young man of Herat
Who purchased a panama hat;
But a solemn giraffe
Soon bit it in half—
There's enough left for this year at that.

THE SAME FEELING.

Her grandmother (reminiscently)—"Yes, Dorothy; I remember how happy I was when some one told me your grandfather's name was one of the best in Burke's peerage."

Dorothy—"Oh, I suppose you felt just as I did when I found Charlie's name in Bradstreet's."

EMBRACING RELIGION.
MISSIONARY—"So your last chief embraced Christianity?"
NATIVE—"Oh, yes. He eloped with the last missionary's wife."

THE CHANTILLY DERBY.

The last meeting at Chantilly was a particularly brilliant one; on Derby Day the Forest of Chantilly, quickened with radiant sunshine, exhaled the odor of the lily-of-the-valley, while within the paddock Guerlain's "Bon Vieux Temps" was spreading its own exquisite aroma.

Jack—"Miss Elderleigh has half a million in her own right. I'd propose to her were it not for her past."

Tom—"Why, I always considered her above reproach."

Jack—"So she is; but her past has been too long drawn out."—*Chicago News.*

You may talk about your Champagnes, but I know of none as popular as *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry.*

"Ah, if only those statesmen long since dead
Were in the world this minute,"
The old man sighed; but the young man said,
"They simply won't be in it."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

A WELCOME DRINK

is always flavored with Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters. Refuse cheap domestic substitutes and imitations.

"How did you lose your arm, young man?" asked the interested gentleman in the car.

"A girl once told me to remove it," answered the young man. "Got any cigarette-papers?"—*Indianapolis Sun.*

To Quench that Summer Thirst
... Drink ...
Evans' Ale
A Satisfying and Health-promoting Beverage.

THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON

A troubled feeling and the blues can generally be traced to indigestion. Chase it away with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists'.

BREAKING THE ICE.

We had some offish neighbors once that moved in, down the road.
We reckoned they was 'bout the proudest folks we'd ever knowed.
An' when we passed 'em now an' then we held our heads up high
To make dead sure they couldn't snub us if they was to try.
It really made me nervous, so I jes' braced up one day
An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my manners, anyway.
On Sunday, 'stid o' turnin' round an' gazin' at the view.
I looked at them an' says, "Hello!" An' they says, "Howdy do!"

It wa'n't the cold an' formal greetin' that you've sometimes heard;
They smiled an' said it hearty, like they meant it, every word.
It's solemn to reflect on what we miss along life's way
By not jes' bein' natural an' good humored day by day.
There's lots o' folks who fling the simple joys of life aside
Because they dread the shadow of their own unconscious pride.
An' nine times out o' ten you'll find the rule works right an' true—
Jes' tell the world "Hello!" an' it'll answer "Howdy do!"
—*Washington Star*

"SUMMER FOOD"
HAS OTHER ADVANTAGES.

Many people have tried the food Grape-Nuts simply with the idea of avoiding the trouble of cooking food in the hot months.

All of these have found something beside the ready-cooked-food idea, for Grape-Nuts is a scientific food that tones up and restores a sick stomach as well as repairs the waste tissue in brain and nerve centres.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from catarrh of the stomach, due to improper food, and to relieve this condition I had tried nearly every prepared food on the market without any success until six months ago my wife purchased a box of Grape-Nuts thinking it would be a desirable cereal for the summer months.

"We soon made a discovery, we were enchanted with the delightful flavor of the food, and to my surprise I began to get well. My breakfast now consists of a little fruit; four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts; a cup of Postum, which I prefer to coffee; graham bread or toast, and two boiled eggs. I never suffer the least distress after eating this and my stomach is perfect and general health fine. Grape-Nuts is a wonderful preparation. It was only a little time after starting on it that wife and I both felt younger, more vigorous, and in all ways stronger. This has been our experience.

"P. S. The addition of a little salt in place of sugar seems to me to improve the food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

If you want most for your money insist on **PRESIDENT** being stamped in the buckle when you buy **SUSPENDERS**
Fifty cents and a dollar.
Ask at favorite shop.
or post prepaid from
C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Box 272 N, Shirley, Mass.
Send 6 cents for catalogue.

"Do you know?" said the boarding-house lady, "that Mr. Witt makes fun of nearly everything?"

"Yes," replied the solemn boarder; "and that is why I think his fun is like your hash."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

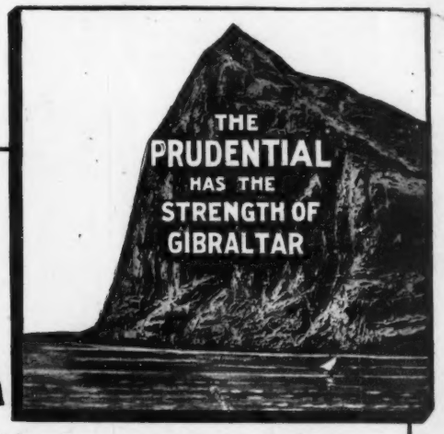
"You can't always judge a man's prosperity from the fact that he smokes twenty-five-cent cigars," says the Manayunk philosopher. "Maybe his wife is wearing her last year's hat."—*Philadelphia Record.*

An Atchison mother admits that the most difficult thing she ever attempted was to ask her daughter, the morning after her commencement, if she would wash the breakfast dishes.—*Atchison Globe.*

"I never heard Dinsmore acknowledge that he was growing old before to-day."

"How did he acknowledge it?"

"He announced that he felt just as young as he ever did."—*Detroit Free Press.*



Before Going on Vacation

get that Life Insurance matter settled. You can then enjoy the pleasures of summer with a light heart, from the knowledge that your loved ones are protected.

Send This Coupon

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free, particulars and rates of Policies.
For $..... *Age*.....
Name.....
Address.....
Occupation.....
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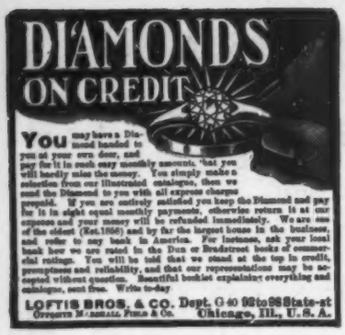

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"Dat whar he shows his foolishness. He better be prayin' fer a refrigerator!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*

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IN ALL FANCY DRINKS

The World's Best Tonic Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

22 GOLD MEDALS

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Dr. A. Groyen, Royal Medical Staff, Berlin, recommends Angostura Bitters as follows: "These bitters are the most powerful stomachic and nervine which we possess, and, therefore, may be warmly recommended by medical men." The Genuine is made only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Refuse cheap domestic substitutes and imitations.

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Fay—"Yes, he admitted that to me."

May—"And just for fun I told him I was thirty-four. Did he tell you that?"

Fay—"No; but he did say you were the most truthful girl he had ever met." —*Philadelphia Press.*

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GOOD INCOMES MADE
By selling our celebrated goods. 25 and 30 per cent. commission off.
BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL **33c.**
1-lb. trade mark red bags. Good Coffees, 12c. and 15c. Good Teas, 30c. and 35c.
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Bridget—"Oi am not, but she sames to be, so 'tis not fur the loikes o' me to doubt it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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The *Four-Track News* for July is in every respect up to the high standard which it has set for itself. A glance over its varied table of contents will convince any discriminating reader of this fact. The frontispiece, "The Royal Bengal Tiger," will please alike the Tammany politician and the British huntsman. "The Pride of Manhattan" is an article on Central park that will be enjoyed as much by residents of Gotham as by out-of-town people who some day hope to visit this city. "The Kaaterskill Falls," by William Cullen Bryant, illustrated, will be enjoyed by all lovers of idyllic poetry as will the accompanying picture which is in the spirit of the poem. "Quaint Quebec," "Cliff Dwellers of Colorado," "The Terraced Palaces of Chicken Ytza," "Vest Pocket Confidences," "Matrimonial Trifles," "Across the Footlights" and "Just for Fun" will give the reader an idea of the range of topics. There is a poem on the "Fire-Fly" by Joel Benton, and another on the "Matterhorn," by Bingham Thoburn Wilson, and both of them have the true ring. Besides, there are many bits of fun and philosophy which with the numerous illustrations cannot fail to prove a feast to almost any kind of an intelligent reader. For further particulars apply to George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, Grand Central station, New York city.

Algy—"Gwace has a hahwid father. When I awsked him for her hand I said: 'Love for your daughter has dwiven me hawf cwazy.'"

Cholly—"And then, deah boy?"

Algy—"Then the old bwute said: 'Has, eh? Well, who completed the job?'"—*Kansas City Journal.*

You look better, feel better, *are* better when your run-down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists'.

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That's All!

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"I want a lawn-mower," said Mr. Sewburb; "one that is a misfit in every way. One that couldn't be pushed by an electric-power house, and that wouldn't cut grass anyway."

"May I ask," said the amazed clerk, "why you wish such a machine?"

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Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.
Only salesroom in Greater New York.

Teacher—"Can any child here tell me the meaning of the word demagogue?"

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Army surgeon—"So you're an immune, eh? What's your record?"

Recruit—"Seven different kinds of health and"——

Army surgeon—"Passed!"—*New York Times.*

"Then he didn't really give according to his means?"

"No; merely according to his meanness."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Yaleton—Yes, Miss Barnard, now that I am graduated my father thinks I am capable of striking out for myself."

Miss Barnard—"He must have seen you playing baseball."—*New York Times.*

The key to success is not a night-key. —*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Hay Fever? Run Down? Overworked? Insomnia? Depression? Physician advises sea trip? Time and money limited? Friends advise go where telegrams, telephones and correspondence cannot reach you? You have been leading too sedentary a life? A trip to Europe too long, expensive and tiresome? A short sea voyage possible? Where to go? How?

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NEW YORK TO ASHEVILLE, HOT SPRINGS AND BREVARD, NORTH CAROLINA,

"The Land of the Sky" and "Sapphire Country."

The Southern Railway offers superb service to these charming summer resorts. The National Dental Association will hold its annual meeting at Asheville, North Carolina, July 24th to 31st. Tickets will be on sale, New York to Asheville and return for the above occasion, July 21st and 22nd, 25th and 26th, at $23.85.

For descriptive literature on the Land of the Sky and Sapphire Country, address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alexander S. Thweatt, eastern passenger agent.

"Yes, I am going to give a banquet to my club-fellows. I want plenty of room at the table, too."

"Is it going to be stag?"

"Yes."

"Then you would better have plenty of room under the table."—*Chicago News.*

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TOILET POWDER

for After Shaving.

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. **It is Antiseptic**, and will **PREVENT** any of the many skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for **PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING** and **SUNBURN**, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. *Sample Free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

"Yours for a pure wine!—UNCLE SAM."

From life by Frank G. Barry, Herkimer, N. Y.

GOOD JUDGES AMONG GOOD AMERICANS,— THOSE WHO ARE PROUD OF THE PRODUCTS OF THEIR NATIVE LAND—DRINK

"GREA WESTERN"

A PURE WINE, PERFECTLY NATURAL IN FLAVOR AND SOLD AT ABOUT ONE HALF THE COST OF FOREIGN VINTAGES.

Made by the PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY, Rheims, N. Y.

MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

"Just give that bit o' lead a bite atween yer teeth, will yer, Matie?"

"Ain't ye got no teeth of yer own?"

"I got some, but there ain't none of 'em opposite one another."

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A vivid little love story, beautifully illustrated; told simply but with appealing interest. The story is contained in a 128-page book which describes some of the most delightful mountain and lake resorts in the East. Sent free on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address, T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

Natural Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

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The man of the world seeks a perfect stimulant for his own personal cheer, comfort and hospitality.

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The perfect Whiskey is

The First Sought
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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A FINE ADVERTISEMENT.

The "Great Western" Champagne advertisement in this issue of JUDGE is a great one. It was written and designed by Frank G. Barry, of Herkimer, N. K., an artistic and literary genius. The use of "Uncle Sam" in connection with "Great Western" Champagne is justified, as it is one of the best American champagnes on the market.

"Do you believe," said the lady with the sere and yellow, "that the good die young?"

"How could I?" exclaimed the flatterer; "how could I, and you so good—er—that is"——

"Sir!"—*Baltimore News.*

"After all," he conceded, "what would we do without women?"

"Well," she replied, "for one thing, you would have a hard time finding subjects for your jokes."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

The universal favor with which the Sohmer Piano is meeting is the result of its tone and structure, which are not excelled by any in the world.

"There's a strange man at the door, sir," announced the new servant from Boston.

"What does he need?" asked the master of the house impatiently.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the servant, a shade of disapproval manifest in his voice, "he needs a bath, but what he is asking for is something to eat."—*Syracuse Herald.*

"Free from the care which wearies and annoys,
Where every hour brings its several joys."

"AMERICA'S SUMMER RESORTS"

This is one of the most complete publications of its kind, and will assist those who are wondering where they will go to spend their vacation this summer.

It contains a valuable map, in addition to much interesting information regarding resorts on or reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

A copy will be sent free, postpaid, to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

TIME!

WILLIE RAT—"How do you do, Mr. Spider? What time is it?
MR. SPIDER—"Fly-time."

"IRRESISTIBLY DELICIOUS"
is the only phrase that properly describes

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THE ORIGINAL
MILK-CHOCOLATE

FOR EATING ONLY
IMPORTED FROM VEVEY, SWITZERLAND

It is a confection, yet a wholesome food. For it nourishes and sustains, and is the **only** chocolate that can be eaten freely by children, invalids and persons of weak digestion.

Attractively Packed. Insist on ***The Original.***

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IS THE FIRST
MILK CHOCOLATE
EVER MADE
Any and Every Other Brand is an IMITATION
A POSTAL BRINGS A SAMPLE
If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20 cents for a 1-4 lb. roll to
LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents
78 Hudson St., New York

"Where I missed it," soliloquized Methuselah, glancing at the calendar on the wall and noting that another tiresome birthday anniversary had rolled around, "is that I didn't go into one of these tontine life-insurance schemes nine hundred and fifty years ago or thereabouts, when I was a young man. If I had done that I might have been the Russell Sage of my day by this time."

Here he sighed heavily, and asked one of his grandchildren, twenty-seven generations removed, to bring him a fresh coal of fire fore his pipe.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Columbus was making haste to discover the West Indies.

"What's your rush?" inquired the courtiers. "They will stay where they are."

"I know," replied the navigator; "but I want to get there before the Monroe doctrine forbids me."

Perceiving the urgency of the crisis, they hurried to his aid.—*New York Tribune.*

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This ticket includes meals and stateroom berth on main line steamers and on James River Steamers "Berkeley" or "Brandon"
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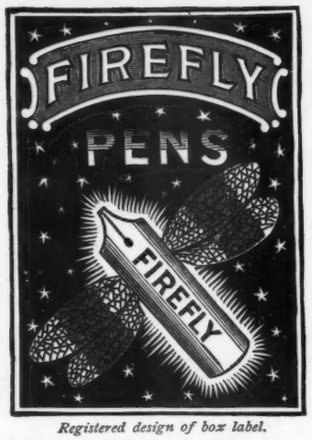

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Feldby—"Oh, there's nothing there that's delightful; the delight comes when you run up to town and tell the can't-get-aways what splendid times you are having down by the sea."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHITMAN'S Chocolates and Confections

When the sweet tooth calls for candy The wisdom tooth says WHITMAN'S

Sold everywhere.

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.

Made instantly—hot water or milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, 1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

"Do you know what precautions the proprietor of this hotel has taken against fire?" asked the nervous old lady as the bell-boy escorted her to a room on the fifth floor.

"Sure I do," replied the knowing youth. "De boss has got de joint inshoor'd for two times de worth of it. See?"—*Chicago News.*

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long ago, before the era of adulteration and cheapening began.

Straight, HAND-MADE, SOUR MASH WHISKEY,

OLD CROW RYE,

is gaining friends every day, is the best in the world, and nets the distiller far more price than any other. Awarded GOLD MEDAL for purity, Paris, 1900.

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The WHITE ROCK high ball has a smack of its own

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Best in Other Cities.

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ARE AS NECESSARY AS FOOD

AND THE SELECTION OF A RESORT SHOULD BE MADE WITH CARE

NEW JERSEY'S RESORTS

ARE POPULAR, HEALTHFUL AND REACHED BY THE

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Send 8c. in stamps for booklet "SEASHORE AND MOUNTAINS," an illustrated story for vacationists, to C. M. BURT, Gen. Passenger Agt., New York City.

Maude—"What makes you so awfully nervous, dear?"

Clara—"Why, Fred is to have an interview with papa this afternoon."

Maude—"Oh, and you are afraid your father will not give his consent?"

Clara—"No; I'm afraid Fred won't show up."—*Chicago News.*

ALL SHE ASKED.

JACK—"I would do anything, become anything, to please her."

TOM—"Well—er—why not become a confirmed bachelor?"

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There is no more exhilarating sport or recreation than automobiling. The pleasure of a spin over country roads or through city parks is greatly enhanced if the basket is well stocked with

DEWAR'S SCOTCH "WHITE LABEL"

the popular brand both in this and the old country. "There is no Scotch like Dewar's," is a proverb among connoisseurs.

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"Automobiling" (copyright 1902, by Frederick Glassup) is an original drawing by E. N. Blue, shown herewith. Printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, without advertisement, and sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver. Suitable for framing in club-house or home. Next month, a delightful camp scene by the famous artist, Ray. Brown.

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Cortez CIGARS

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HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS

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Will grow beautiful hair on bald heads, fine beard or handsome mustache on the smoothest face in 3 weeks or money refunded. $1,000 forfeit this is the best process known. $1 Treatment, by mail for 25 cts., 3 for 50 cts. Avoid Imitations. Sold only by TREMONT MFG. CO., STATION A, 52, BOSTON, MASS.

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Belle—"And she married him for his money. So they are in the same boat."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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WAS ON TO HIM.

FINANCIER—"I told me boss I couldn't afford to work fer t'ree dollars a week."
MERCHANT—"What did he say?"
FINANCIER—"Said he hadn't noticed me *tryin'* to."

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Pg. Co. New York.

KNEW THE BREED.

FATTENED FAGAN (*with a childish sigh*)—"Well, I'm surprised! After dat you can't tell me dat insects ain't got sense. Dat little feller knows we won't move."